Effects of curteſie, dues of gratitude;
Thy halfe of the kingdome, haſt thou not forgot
Wherein I thee indow'd.
Reg. Good ſir too'th purpoſe.
Lear. Who put my man i'th ſtockes?
Duke. What trumpets that? *Enter Steward.*
Reg. I know't, my ſiſters: this approues her letters,
That ſhe would ſoone be here, is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a ſlaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes;
Out varlet, from my ſight.
Duke. What meanes your Grace? *Enter Gon.*
Gon. Who ſtruck my ſeruant? *Regan* I haue good hope
Thou didſt not know ant.
Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you doe loue old men, if you ſweet ſway allow
Obedience, if your ſelues are old make it your cauſe,
Send downe and take my part,
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan* wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand ſir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage tearmes ſo.
Lear. O ſides you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th ſtockes?
Duke. I ſet him there ſir, but his owne diſorders
Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement.
Lear. You, did you?
Reg. I pray you father being weake ſeeme ſo;
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and ſoiorne with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion,
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her, and fiftie men diſmiſt,
No rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmitie of the Ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Woolfe and owle.

Neceſſities

Neceſſities ſharpe pinch; returne
Why the hot bloud in *France*, tha
Tooke our yongeſt borne, I cou
To knee his throne, and Squire-
To keepe baſe life afoot; returne
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue an
To this deteſted groome.
Gon. At your choiſe ſir.
Lear. Now I prithee daughter
I will not trouble thee my child,
Wee'le no more meete, no more
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blo
Or rather a diſeaſe that lies withi
Which I muſt needs call mine, th
A plague ſore, an imboſſed carbu
Corrupted bloud; but I'le not chi
Let ſhame come when it will, I d
I doe not bid the thunder bearer
Nor tell tailes of thee to high Iu
Mend when thou canſt, be better
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *R*
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo ſir, I loo
Nor am prouided for your fit we
Giue eare ſir to my ſiſter; for thoſe
That mingle reaſon with your pa
Muſt be content to thinke you ar
But ſhe knowes what ſhee does.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken nov
Reg. I dare auouch it ſir, what
Is it not well? what ſhould you ne
Yea or ſo many, ſith that both cha
Speakes gainſt ſo great a number?
Should many people vnder two
Hold amytie? 'tis hard, almoſt imp
Gon. Why might not you my L
From thoſe that ſhe cals ſeruants,
Reg. Why not my Lord? if then
We could controwle them: if you

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